Whispers

Belle Bearden Barry

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Belle Bearden Barry

Whispers

-BY-

Belle Bearden Barry

"Tis pleasant sure, to see one's name in print;

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

—Byron.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1905.

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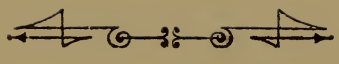

Of love and lovely things I write,
Birds, bees, and Easter flowers;
Of childhood, home, and Nature bright,
Snow, frost, and April showers.

B. B. B

NOW.

If for me you have a flower,
Give it now!
Give it while life's pulse is beating
To the tune of Time fast fleeting,
Give it with a life-time greeting—
Give it now!

If for me kind word you have,
Say it now!
Say it while my ear can hear it,
While I've memory to review it,
Say it gently—do not fear it—
Say it now!

If for me a visit have you,
Pay it now!
While with joy I gladly meet you,
While mine eyes may fondly greet you,
Before death comes to defeat you—
Pay it now!

If for me some love you cherish,
Show it now!
Show it while my heart doth need it,
In kind actions let me read it,
While my soul is hungry, feed it—
Love me now!

FOOD-FRIENDS.

In many ways are friends like food,
More pleasure find we in the good;
The various kinds we all may claim,
But like our soul-friends best to name.

The one who brings us happy hour,
By cheery and magnetic power,
Our Fruit-friend we will gladly call
And welcome give him, one and all.

On one who carries tale of woe,
Not one of us doth love bestow;
Our poor old Lemon-friend is he
Whose acid frowns destroy our glee.

Our Coffee-friend doth stimulate
Life's latent powers; reciprocate
Our secret thought in wittiest way,
The friend we love and need each day.

Our Dessert-friend makes little show,
Of him we're seldom proud to know;
A figure sometimes he may prove
In numbering those whom least we love.

Our Bread-friend is the staff of life,
Whose voice and touch with peace are rife;
He gives, by noble thought and deed,
The soul-life food we daily need.

WHERE THE SWEET WILD CLOVER GROWS.

At golden setting of the sun
When all the work of day is done,
Much I enjoy a little run
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

As I inhale their fragrant breath,
Sweet charm for me it ever hath,
As trip I down the winding path,
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

A tale to me of joy they tell,
Of childhood mine e'er loved so well,
In country's verdant mossy dell,
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

I live again that happiest time,
Glad days of childhood's mirthful rhyme,
In my country home's bright clime
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

To me they whisper of wild flowers,
Oft by me plucked the selfsame hours,
Underneath the fragrant bowers,
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

Sweet odors tell of bonnie bird,
Whose clearest warbling song was heard
Whene'er her leafy nest was stirred,
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

They music bring of bubbling spring,
Where oft when weary did I fling
Myself beneath the oak's broad wing
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

To me they speak of earthly father,
And my own dear loving mother,
They—who loved me as no other—
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

Of two sisters who did wander
By my side in meadows yonder,
As our youthful minds did ponder,
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

My daily life these memories warm,
While round my heart is wreathed a
charm
Which guides my soul from sin's alarm,
Where the sweet wild clover grows.

DON'T SCOLD THE COOK.

There are never two minds exactly the same,
Don't scold the cook!
If pies are not browned—suppress your harsh blame—
Don't scold the cook!

If you find the biscuits a little "sad,"
Don't scold the cook!
They'll taste the worse—if you rave like mad—
Don't scold the cook!

If the steak is old and raw and tough,
Don't scold the cook!
Of hunger perhaps you haven't enough,
Don't scold the cook!

If coffee lacks flavor of Mocha superb,
Don't scold the cook!
Ill temper will sure your digestion disturb,
Don't scold the cook!

If toast fails to suit your exquisite taste,
Don't scold the cook!
Though made of bread-scraps, better save than to waste,
Don't scold the cook!

If the cake is too new, too flat, or too
stale,
Don't scold the cook!
Better taste and commend than at any-
thing rail,
Don't scold the cook!

Scolding's worst torments fall pat on
the scolder,
Don't scold the cook!
With forbearing instruction sustain and
uphold her,
Don't scold the cook!

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

A Christmas thought for thee,
Thy thought for me tho' fled;
A little love for thee,
Tho' love of thine be dead!

A little gift for thee,
To hold thy bills secure;
As bills you fold remember me,
One thought for me endure.

ACROSTIC SONNET.

To my Baby.

Bright angel dropped from heaven's exalted sphere,
Earthward, to dwell with us awhile below;
Like sungleam, when it comes with glorious glow,
Lighting dim earth, comes now thy smile to cheer
And gladden loving hearts! O, may each year
Revolving, bring thee all life can bestow
On mortals here—health, wealth—and beauty, so
Supreme that not one rival shall appear!
All that on history's page hath been of old
Bestowed, of bliss on women of renown.
All good—their woes and evils all unknown,
Round thee by God's all loving hand controlled,
Rest like a heavenly halo, without frown
Your sky beclouding—earth and heaven your own.

DUTY.

Duty's paths lie all about us
If our eyes are trained to see,
If God's work could do without us
In this world we would not be!

Duty's bells are ever ringing
With a summons for each one,
To be up and doing; bringing
Sheaves our hands have won!

Duty calls that all may hearken,
Let us lend a listening ear,
Let us cheer the souls that darken
In the paths of sin each year!

Duty whispers, "come and meet me,—
Let us travel hand in hand,"
Duty says, "with joy I greet thee,—
As we journey through this land."

Duty bids me speak in kindness
To the weak and sick and sore,
To the one bowed down in blindness
To the humble of Christ's poor!

Conscience clear is heir of Duty,
And when freely she has sway,
Conscience lends a soulful beauty;
Let us then her calls obey!

TO THE ODOR OF NEW MOWN HAY.

O delicate, daintiest new mown hay,
Thou cheery sweet charmer of chivalrous May,
Sweet breath of the dale where we used to play!

As rapidly rollicking days did pass—
With little feet bare playing hide in the grass,
As reaper e'er rolleth the ripening mass!

O breeze overladen with Ether's rich worth,
Come waft o'er my senses thine amorous mirth,
Breathe a kiss on my cheek swift to joy giving birth!

Quaint essence of perfume, come serve thou my will,
Come linger thou long letting nature take fill
Of health-giving fragrance my being to thrill!

TO IKIE.

COME TO ME.

Come to me when ills betide thee,
When life clouds lower;
Come to me when comrades chide thee,
When heart showers pour;
When the spring of life is frosted
And summer beauties fade away,
Then come when weary are thou,
Come to me and stay!

Come to me when lonely are thou,
When life reveals the dark;
Come to me when drooping brow
Tells of Hope's waning spark;
When winter of life is dawning,
And earth friends seem but few,
Oh linger near me, darling,
Let my heart prove true.

One loving heart will beat for thee
When other hearts forsake,
One gentle voice will speak to thee
When heart of thine shall ache.
Then dearest one oh come to me,
Be of my life a part,
Yes, come and be my life star,
And dwell within my heart.

SOMETIME.

It may be when the forest trees
Are called upon to say farewell
To Autumn tints; and Winter sees
His dazzling white—I cannot tell.
But Hope bids me stay,
While thoughts fly away
To the meeting that may
Be sometime.

It may be when Spring's wondrous dreams
Wrap soul in sweet romance's spell,
And earth one bright elysium seems—
I cannot tell! I cannot tell.
But Hope bids me stay,
While thoughts sail away
To that glorious day——
In the sometime.

It may be in proud Summer's hours,
When vague and dreamy heart-hopes swell,
And bloom the beauteous, fragrant flowers,
I cannot tell! Oh, cannot tell!
But Hope bids me stay,
While thoughts flee away,
And a soft voice doth say
Yes—sometime.

It may not be till earth is done,
And like a star above we dwell
In the high realms our souls have won,
I cannot tell! I cannot tell!
But Hope says to me
His face shalt thou see,
In pure bliss soon to be,
In sweet sometime.

'TWAS ONLY ONE LITTLE WORD

Sometimes, dearest, the world goes wrong,
For God gives grief with his gift of song;
And so it happened the other eve
When you uttered words my heart to grieve!

'Twas only a word you said, my dear,
'Twas only *one little word,*
But suddenly my heart lost cheer,
As grief in my soul was stirred!

'Twas only a word you said, dear one,
You whispered it soft and low;
But with it came joy's setting sun,
And a twilight filled with woe!

TO MRS. ADA CRAIG MICHAELS, ON HER SILVER WEDDING DAY.

O, come with the heart of thy girlhood now,
Let memory's sweet bells ring;
While schoolmates and friends before you bow,
As gifts of silver they bring.

Let memory's bells ring loud and long,
This Silver Wedding Day;
Whose rhythmic measure's silver song
Makes blithe each heart and gay.

And as we come of joy possessed,
Our greetings glad we bring;
With hearts o'erflowing in the zest
Of friendship's offering.

May these two lives now in their prime,
Recall in tenderest way,
The happy year and joyous time,
Their youthful wedding day.

Let memory's power now serve them well,
In numbering blessings past;
But never pause on ills to dwell,
Lest joys be overcast.

Let days and joyous years be thine,
While fondest hope and trust
Two lives shall seal in love divine,
Till dust returns to dust.

May thorns be few among the flowers
That deck thy future life,
May sunshine follow fragrant showers,
Life's garden to make rife.

Let thy return from o'er the deep
A silver thought in memory be,
So long as Time his guard shall keep,
Sweet token of God's love to thee.

Of Switzerland and Italy,
May dreams of thine be full and sweet;
As sailest thou o'er azure sea,
Italian friends to greet.

Oft wilt thou glide on calmest night,
O'er Venice waters cool and clear,
'Neath silver Luna's full-orbed light,
Gondola's music sweet to hear.

May son of thine at manhood's age,
Develop all good seed thou'st sown,
Without a blot upon life's page,
With every evil thought outgrown.

May he in future be thy stay,
A comfort and companion true,
Whose noble life from day to day,
Shall prove his love for you.

May Mother dear of thine possessed,
With richest gifts of earth,
Feel in her children nobly blest,
As each shall prove his worth.

When loosed by Time are earthly ties,
In heaven united may you be;
Where father thine in Paradise,
Awaits his family.

A VALENTINE.

Accept, my dear, this valentine,
As love most true from heart of mine;
And when you're sad, please think of me,
The blue-eyed girl who loveth thee.

Wear these little flowers for me,
They will show who thinks of thee;
Let no others take their place—
They—thy noble form will grace.

THE QUEEN OF NIGHT.

When the moon is grandly risen
  In the cloudless Eastern sky,
And from day's illumined prison
  Burst the stars forth proud and high,
When the dew is gently falling
  On the tender leaflets green,
Oh, 'tis then I love to wander
  O'er the moonlit fairy scene.

When athwart the crystal waters
  Gleams the moon's pure silvery light,
Making glad the farmer's daughters
  With serene and pure delight,
Oft along that footpath yonder
  Walk they where their feet of old
Free from care did blissful wander
  Through enchanted region strolled.

When the farmer after supper
  Accoutered as a hunter born,
Calls up Bravo, Nip and Tupper,
  With the voice of hunter's horn—
When their hearts aglow with rapture
  Gather friends the sport to share,
Then o'er hill and dale they capture
  Game beneath the moon's full glare.

When the traveler, worn and weary,
On his journey sad and slow,
Halts not through the long night dreary
Forced by fateful need to go,
To his heart some joy is given
When his gaze to zenith flies,
Where the clouds by Luna riven
Show her queen of all the skies.

When the mariner discovers
Signs of fearful storm at sea,
As the gathering storm-cloud hovers—
Lost the sailor's reckless glee,
If above the wild waves raging
Peeks the moon with beams of cheer
Quick the light—their fears assuaging,
Tells of safety drawing near.

From the hearts of peasants lowly,
From high hearts of queens and kings,
Oh, proud Moon, thus grand and slowly
Marching o'er terrestrial things,
Thou shalt win fond admiration
Until Time shall be no more,
Until by some sweet translation
Thou shalt light that other shore.

TO D. M. A.

FRIENDSHIP'S IDEAL.

Some persons we love for their beauty,
  And some for their noble birth,
While others we love from a duty,
  And a few for their manly worth.

The "worth" friend is more my ideal,
  I love him on whom I depend,
Whose friendship is constantly real,
Who—kindly attentions—will lend.

Who considers not ever his pleasure,
  But sometimes to me gives a thought;
Such friend to my soul is a treasure,
  Whose friendship from me can't be
    bought.

His presence is glorious sunlight,
  His voice is sweet melody's tone;
His smile lends a halo to midnight,
  I long for his step when he's gone.

Not beauty, position, nor money,
  But soul of my soul do I crave;
Let the life of my own soul be sunny,
  What matter things else I may have.

THE TWO CHIMNEYS.

Like dear old sentinels towering there,
To guard the spot where home hath been;
My childhood home—where once were seen
Sweet forms of loved ones lingering near,
Our lives from ill to screen.

O, let me view thee as thou art,
Grand and most nobly strong;
Dear remnant, cherished of my home so long,
While holiest awe doth fill my heart,
Once glad in childlike song.

I seem to see thee as the soul
Of house much loved, where once I dwelt;
Imperishing! Thou it was ne'er felt
The scorching breath of Fire's control,
Nor to his bidding knelt.

O, guard thee well that precious spot,
Familiar once to pattering feet
Of mine; who there did meet
Kind parents dear; now one is not,
May we in Heaven him greet.

Though winds may come and bear away
The ashes 'round thee cast,
O, may each breeze but be the blast
To strengthen thee and make thee stay
So long as time shall last.

Yes, upward point thee, as of yore
Did parents once who dwelt below,
Unto our youthful lives bestow
Bright star of Hope forevermore,
Bidding us upward go.

Though hours and days and weeks have
passed,
And months now many years have made,
Since I, with sisters, 'neath thee played—
Yet love of mine for thee doth last,
By thee was ne'er betrayed.

While memory sad doth lend a charm
To fairest scene—this far-off day,
I see us cross o'er gravelled way,
Ripe berries red to pluck from farm,
In sweetest month of May.

Quite safe, hearts young, did joyous feel
With towering monitors in view—
Us home to guide, when evening drew
Her curtains round, night to reveal—
Bedecked with glittering dew.

And thou fair Honeysuckle wild,
And Ferns designed by Maker's power,
Which I have plucked hour after hour—
Feeling myself kind Nature's child,
In love with field and flower.

Oh, could you speak, you'd tell a tale
Of sisters, happy, blithe and gay,
Who over hills of moss did stray,
Home chimneys peering o'er the vale—
Us guarding on our way.

And rippling streams whose waters flow
Long meadows through o'er rocks and
moss,
Meandering near and far across
The cresses green as on you go—
O, hear me as you pass.

Could you in rhythmic voice but tell
Of Summers past and twilight dear,
Methinks my spirit would draw near
To list the story loved so well,
Of childhood sweet to hear.

Ye oaken trees whose branches wide,
Oft me did screen from sun's warm rays,
In Summer's long and dreamy days,
Oh, could ye now a speech provide—
Would joy my soul always.

In truthful whisperings would you say
That dear was life in home rich blest,
With Father, Mother, Sisters, best;
Would such a home might last alway—
And Chimneys—like, defy decay.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HOPEWELL BRAINE.

O, why was the beautiful soul thus given
But a few brief years to its home of clay—
O, why from that house so swiftly riven—
And borne from our sorrowing sight away?
The Blue Sky answers—"why was it given?"

O, why was he suffered to linger here
To lift from friends still longer the gloom,
That now groweth deeper year after year,
Since hidden he is in the darksome tomb?
But the wild March winds no message will bear.

O, why did he walk by our gladdened side,
In his glory of goodness and beauty of soul,
Till our heartstrings are breaking because he hath died,
And the oceans of grief irrepressibly roll?
The answer will come when we've crossed o'er the tide.

O loved and lamented apostle of thought,
O dearest exemplar of labors ne'er done,
Thine actions of kindness terrestrial wrought,
Thy loftier crown in Heaven begun,
While expands the sweet love thy gentleness taught.

O, why was the smile that his lips ever wore,
Like the flushing of sunlight when day is far spent?
Though friends gladly greeted his crossing the door,
Hearts throbbed the more sadly whenever he went;
This thought sadly lingered: we'll see him no more.

Now hushed, hushed the voice of silvery notes
That brightened fond hearts with a magical power;
But its tones with the music angelic now floats
Where the music of Heaven in melody's shower,
Peals forth from the choicest of heavenly throats.

O, why is the hand that so helpful on earth,
Gave vigor to strong men and courage to weak,
Now lifeless to labor for goodness and worth?
"Ask not," says the South Wind that smote my wet cheek,
The answer will come with our heavenly birth.

O, hushed is that voice forever, I cry
In my anguish of spirit; but ever in vain
I seek from the source of all wisdom on high,
Why his young soul of beauty should leave us in pain
And be taken to dwell in the realms of the sky.

Why that kind recognition that daily he gave
To friends whom he loved—now quenched e'er in death,
Now slumbering in depths of the darksome grave
Unwaked by the balmy mornings's breath;
This sleep is dreamless from which worlds cannot save.

In vain, oh in vain, we questioning seek
Solution from earth of enigma so vast;
None of earth, or earth's sages prophetic can speak
One comforting word to woes darkly cast
Across our sad hearts that are praying to break.

But calming the billowy soul on the seas,
Where shipwrecking grief and despair brood apace,
Comes the lull that is born in the skies —the sweet peace
That beams from the radiance of God's holy face—
And our souls from deep sorrow at last have release.

Sweet comfort will come—for wrongful we know
Is harrowing grief for the sainted who soar
To realms of the blest from this valley of woe,
And are waiting us there on the beautiful shore,
While our journey is governed by Time here below.
His grave on this earth! Let us deck it with flowers,
This earthy with earth's sweetest emblem in bloom—
Tho' fading to dust in a few fleeting hours—
And wasted on air in their loving perfume;
They are offerings to him, and the King of all powers.
And soft through the sky, as I sit by his sod,
Darting down on the sunbeam that rests o'er his head,
Comes a comforting voice, a sweet whisper from God,
Saying: "Grieve not, oh grieve not, for he is not dead—
He but sleepeth on earth, where he wearily trod."

For realms higher, purer, prepare well thy feet
For journey he made this narrow house through;
For soon our beloved we sweetly shall greet,
And forever the friendship of earth there renew,
And unspeakable joys in heaven's retreat.

He hath gone from the sorrows of earth, and no more
Would he wish to inhabit its shores of unrest;
But he looks, often looks on this desolate shore,
And lovingly leans on his Savior's fond breast,
Beseeching his aid that we march safely o'er.

O, go not astray, falter not in this life,
All ye whom he loveth; who loved him below—
Cling close to the Savior through danger and strife;
Be happy on earth, then happier grow
In joy of the kind glorious heaven is rife.

Ask no more oh weak heart, why his life here is ended,
And sorrowing friends mourned so soon his young grave;
The Almighty his life gave—that life gently tended—
Then took him to glory—fond others to save;
O, let us submit on our knees meekly bended.

Let our hearts learn the lesson o'erwhelmingly taught,
Let us keep closer union in God's holy will,
And drink from the waters so bounteously bought
With Jesus' sweet mercy, our thirsting to fill
From Salvation's fount, he most surely hath wrought.

O, may we grow wiser, and better, and purer,
Because our young friend hath stepped on before,
To land of the blest with step firmer, surer,
And there let us meet at the bright crystal door,
By his noble example won from woe the securer.

TO W. P. H.
WHAT I DELIGHT IN.

I delight in each ray of sunshine,
When hearts bud forth anew,
When gentle Spring with peace divine
Gives us love both sweet and true.

I love the first little wild flower
That peeps through the leaves long dead,
And happy I ponder and think of the power
Lying hidden in one little bed.

I love the glad notes of the innocent dove,
Whose meek voice is heard on the breeze;
It tells me of patience, purity, love,
When perched in the old elm trees.

I love, oh I love the sparkling stream,
As it flows over pebbles and moss,
Where fowls in bathing all utter a scream,
As its waters we venture to cross.

I love, fondly love a quiet bower,
With only my dog and my book;
While there I may read from hour to hour,
And at Nature's grand beauties look.

I enjoy, much enjoy a horseback ride,
And I seek for a lonely path,
For when riding there, my thoughts doth glide
O'er the wonders this old world hath.

I like to wander at eventide
When the lamps of heaven are seen;
They light us and guide us, and often provide
Other joys that may intervene.

I like to sit on the river's brink
And ponder the rolling wave;
I love to study, I love to think,
While knowledge, sweet soul-light I crave.

SUNSET ON THE ATLANTIC.

August 8th, 1904.

We drink in the grandeur of ocean
As vessel o'er wave doth glide,
And filled are our souls with emotion,
Now ebbing and flowing with tide.

As water and sky meet in rapture,
And they on proud mission agree—
The beauties of twilight we capture
With sunset's gold kiss on the sea.

TO MY DAUGHTER—
BELLA ROSA BARRY—
ON COMMENCEMENT DAY

Remember, dearest one, life's part choose well,
That days of thine on earth be wisely spent.
If in realms of knowledge thou wouldst dwell,
Rest not thou here with idle mind content,
But cultivate thy powers; cease not to swell
Thy soul's capacity, but know thou art sent
By Him whose love divine to thee will tell
If worthy art thou—"Thou doest all things well."

Some day, perhaps, some far off day, my dear,
You'll understand all I have felt for thee;
The love, anxiety, the hope and fear,
My prayer that thou in life's sweet purity,
May live thy days for good, with heaven near,
To guard and keep thee in security
From sin's temptations, with bright faith to cheer
Thine onward steps to God's eternity.

DISCONSOLATE—SONNET.

Disconsolate—small word of meaning large,
Fain would I pierce the realms where e'er thou art;
To drag thee from each sorrowing wounded heart,
And launch instead sweet pleasure's blithesome barge—
Freighted with all of glorious pleasure's charge.
Oh, earth, thy realms heaven's richest bliss impart,
While still unfelt rude sorrow's renowned dart,
Hurled far aside by youth's resistless targe.
But still incessant speed the rushing years—
Hope's gallant warriors perish one by one,
Time traitor turns, and all our joys assails,
And leads his hostile force of countless cares
In ceaseless charges, till life's fort is won
And the victorious grave at last prevails!

TO MR. AND MRS. E. S. MORSE.

AUTUMN WHISPERS.

In Rock Creek Park, Washington, Oct. 9th, 1904.

In golden glint and telltale tint
  Of Oak and Dogwood tree,
Whose leaves of brown, now tumble down
  In Autumn's ecstasy.

Ripe season heard in song of bird,
  Now Southward on the wing,
Whose song of cheer no more we'll hear,
  'Till comes the verdant Spring.

We feel it rare, on soft blue air
  Of Indian Summer breeze,
'Neath sky of gray our footsteps stray,
  To climb the chestnut trees.

Persimmons sweet, our eyes doth greet,
  In dropping from the tree—
In country field—where children yield
  To Nature's rustic glee.

Autumn is here, in soothing cheer,
  All Nature lulls to rest;
'Neath gentle gleam of Winter's dream,
  With hope of Springtime blest.

HOW DO I LOVE THEE.

Ask, dear one, the fragrant flower
If it loves the Summer hour,
Laden with refreshing shower,
That is how I love thee.

Like the honeybee loves clover,
As it hums red blossoms over,
Sweetest nectar to discover,
That is how I love thee.

Loves the snowdrop crystal dew,
Permeating leaflets through,
Admiration keen to woo?
That is how I love thee.

Loves the thirsty one to dwell
In the verdant, vineclad dell,
Quenching thirst from ice-cold well?
That is how I love thee.

Like nature artist loves the green
After golden sunset scene,
As twilight beauties intervene,
That is how I love thee.

Like dream-poet loves the ocean,
As its musical commotion
Thrills his soul with rapture's notion,
That is how I love thee.

TO I. E. B.

LINGER NEAR.

Whether near or whether far,
To my life thou art a star,
Brightly beaming rays of cheer,
Linger near me—linger near.

In dark night or fairest day,
To my heart—come find thy way;
For I have a place for thee,
Thine to claim eternally.

Come, dear one—for balm I keep
Thee to heal—when thou dost weep;
When you're glad—let others know—
But when sad—tell me your woe.

Take my heart each day and year,
Whether far away or near—
Take my love—yes, everywhere,
While I breathe thy name in prayer.

LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

O, beautiful eyes!
Thou art my charming skies,
  Which hold for me both rain and sun;
Frown—and joy within me dies,
  Smile—and peace is just begun.

Kind, lovely eyes!
Thou art my twinkling star,
  That brightly wakes when day is dead;
That speaks to me of worlds afar,
  And tells me earth and sky are wed.

Sweet, soulful eyes!
Thou art my silver moon,
  My soothing light at evening hour;
Thou givest me the happy boon
  Of love's dear light around my bower.

Pure, heavenly eyes!
Thou art my heart's warm sun;
  Lend to my life thy golden beams,
Thou windows of the soul of one
  Whose fond face lingers in my dreams.

ONLY GONE BEFORE.

(To Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jackson.)
Your tiny rosebuds sweet and fair,
Have only been transplanted,
By Him whose will it is to share
The lives He to you granted.

Dead? Ah no, but gone before you,
To that world to sin unknown;
There to dwell and there to greet you,
When your earthly work is done.

Happy now and free from sorrow,
Are those little cherubs dear,
Waiting for the bright tomorrow,
When kind parents shall draw near.

Memory gathers round the hearthstone,
Baby voices soft and sweet,
Hall and porch and stairway echoes
Speak the tread of tiny feet.

Voices gentle and sonorous,
Faintly fall on memory's ear,
Sound still louder in the chorus
Of the high immortal sphere.

Lips touch thine in loving presence,
Lips of passionless pure love,
Breathing whisperings of the essence
From the bliss that reigns above.

Not alone, oh earth, thy treasure
Rich in jewels doth consist;
Thine is Heaven's exhaustless measure,
In the walls of amethyst.

MY FATHER'S CLOCK.

Thou Sentinel of Time, whose constant stroke
Oft called together at thy command,
Our number five in family band—
Father, Mother, Sisters three—until spoke
Our Heavenly Father—whose call broke
Our family circle—taking by the hand
Father, then Mother, to His heavenly land.
'Twas then our souls awoke
To our great loss—for God above
Our parents called to go before,
That we, their children, whom they love,
Shall live as they did evermore,
While on this earth—till souls remove
To kindred spirits in Heaven to soar.

IN MAY.

The sunny day in storm is ended,
And night in double gloom is brooding;
Where lately Heaven's cerulean bended,
And sunlight all the earth was flooding.

The lightning flash just now illumines
The tempest vexed and raging river,
And thunder's voice, like maddened human's,
Jars on the ear with angry quiver.

Young maple leaves, all green and tender,
In whitened masses wave inverted;
And startled wild birds seek to render
Aid to their birdlings disconcerted.

Quick—quicker, come the blinding flashes,
While thunder peals are mingling madly;
And o'er the house-roof wildly dashes
Rain's roaring voice exulting gladly.

Faint—fainter now, the tempest's ending,
In slow approaches, cometh surely;
Like blessings, Heaven in sometimes sending
More slowly, sends the more securely.

Along the Western hilltops quiet
Is full restored, and stars are peeping
In timid faintness, and rude riot
Is locked in Order's kingly keeping.

Lo! Now on yonder earth is gleaming
Pale Sirius; and in swift succession,
Heaven's starry hosts, with banners streaming,
Resume their visible procession.

And when the night's mysterious curtain
Shall lifted be, the sunlight's glory
Shall come, and with a history certain
Repeat today's brief sunshine story.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Parham on their Golden Wedding Day.

The heavens themselves were shedding joyous tears,
At contemplating bliss for fifty years
Of happiest mortals twain, whose Autumn golden,
Has crowned with bliss each glorious yearning olden.

O, spring of love, O, summer-time of joys—
O, autumn raptures age not yet destroys,
Vain here your potent oftentime endeavor,
Bliss from the pure, the true, the good to sever.

These lives no longer sparkle in the sun,
As streamlets, dashing down the hillside, run;
Youth's gay exuberance gradually hath subsided,
The rill twixt mightier shores at last hath glided.

Upon the shores no springtime flowerets
bloom,
But day's resplendent evening doth il-
lume,
Calm, broad, deep-flowing current on
whose glowing
Are seen two freighted lives to glory
going.

O, let us watch them as they grandly
sweep
On—onward toward the everlasting
deep,
Towards which our youthful crafts on
earth are tending,
Unto the spacious shore of life unend-
ing.

Their's, grand exemplars! Not one
channel missed!
No fatal shoals encountered in life's list;
No fierce tornado of excess destroying,
Or life's most pure and noble instincts
cloying.

The happy mean—the temperance in all things,
Preached by the Apostle of the King of kings;
The fear and love of God—like Aegis guarding,
Two lives in one—see now this eve's rewarding.

So, these the happy offspring, children loving,
And children's children, each one nobly proving
The force of good exemplars, here displaying
Lives with just pride these hearts most noble swaying.

Thank God that good hath sometime such reward
On this sad world where sore and battle-scarred,
The just and upright oftimes fight in vain,
Not joys of earth, but bliss of heaven to gain.

And now we part! Alas, such other meeting
Shall no more come in this existence fleeting;
But on the shore where parting is not known,
O, let us meet in bliss around God's throne.

INCONSISTENCY.

Dead—but still he's living,
Gone—but yet he's here;
Sweet—although another
Now doth call him dear.

Grand—although he scorn me,
Noble—but unkind;
Handsome—though he spurn me,
As one of weaker mind.

Brave—while he doth wound me,
Rich—in mental store;
Kind to those who love him not,
Neglecting—who love more.

Affectionate, when self demands
Come pulsing through his heart,
But icy-cold when loving hands
Doth open for a part.

SONNET.

(To My Mother.)

Oh! Dearest one and best, whose fond love taught
My tottering feet to walk at thy dear side—
And all my thoughts in embryo did guide
To childish utterance, and whose ceaseless thought
Was ever with my highest welfare fraught—
Who, for my good had suffered, yea, had died
As martyr burnt at stake, or crucified—
Oh take this tribute my heart's love hath brought,
Know, dearest one, the love to thee I owe,
All bankrupt though I am, I do repay
With a devotion endless as my soul;
For thy dear sake all ills would undergo,
All perils brave; and foes though they might slay,
Could not my deathless love for thee control.

TO MY UNCLE, MR. J. P. R. ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Dear Uncle, though thy lot be lone,
  Consider, God knows best—
Who took thy loved to be his own
  In mansions of the blest.

Though happy days of earthly joy
  Have crowned your mutual past,
Remember well, without alloy
  Gold brightest cannot last.

Hope—like a star, still guides the heart
  O'er life's tempestuous sea,
And leads with kind paternal art
  Our souls from sorrow free.

Then brighter glows, when dawns the day
  To bring the loved one home,
Dear blessed hope, whose fondest ray
  Is always yet to come.

But most of all its welcome light
  Fills hearts like thine with peace,
And bids thee go where is no night,
  Where joy knows no surcease.

MY DREAM STORY.

Lea Springs, Tenn.

The lonely path, o'erhung with trees,
Was decked with pebbles white;
The grand old oaks sent forth a breeze,
The leaves were green and bright.

The gathering clouds were black and low,
And thunder came with mighty roar;
The lightning showed me how to go,
The heavy rain did on me pour.

I was all alone—the distance long,
And as I travelled thinly clad,
I knew complaint would be but wrong,
So silently I journeyed sad.

The storm kept raging, but at last
A little hut fell on my view;
I planned to stop, till storm had passed,
And then my journey I'd renew.

The well-strapped gate I tried to ope,
The leather new was firm and tight;
I could not slip it, but came Hope,
The hope was this: some one else might!

And so I called aloud for aid,
  And as the door flew open wide,
The voice of some one kindly said:
  "I'll soon be, dearest, at your side!"

Whose voice was this? It soothed my heart;
  Its tone was gentle, kind, and sweet,
And from its power I could not part,
  Until his face my eyes should greet.

He came to me through blinding mist,
  He ope'd the gate and drew me in—
And pressed me to him, while he kissed
  My cheeks where late the tears had been.

I know him now; his manly form—
  His kindly smile—his eyes of gray—
All, all for me doth have a charm
  To while the long sad hours away.

He, like myself, this cabin spied,
  When overtaken by the rain;
A shelter now it did provide,
  Where two friends true had met again.

We dined and very well did fare
  Upon the plain, substantial food
The peasant woman did prepare
  For us in friendly, gentle mood.

When we had eaten, and the storm
  Had passed, out came the sun,
Whose rays our beings now did warm,
  And happy hearts did beat as one.

Most tender care he gave to me,
  And in his carriage I was seated;
All trouble soon was past—for he—
  His kindness now repeated.

He drove me home; I bade him stay,
  An hour he lingered near;
That hour too short, soon sped away,
  But friendship left more dear.

Hope now is mine—for well I know
  His face again I'll greet;
Far—far away, where spirits go,
  Where friends and loved ones meet.

WHO CAN TELL.

Ah, who can tell who is a friend,
Soft word and sweetest smile,
Too often with deception blend,
True friendship to beguile.

Sometimes the tender heart is sad,
By deeds of those we love;
Whose gentle touch once made us glad,
Whose voice the soul did move.

When bruised the heart, all things around
Doth borrow from the gloom,
Until the breezes e'er resound
A wail from pleasure's tomb.

Deceived by friend whom we hold dear,
Would wound the inmost soul;
Would banish all the heart's bright cheer,
And blight the life in whole.

TO SISTER EMMA.

CHILDHOOD.

Sweet memories of dear departed days,
Are crowding with such force into my mind,
That words of worthy power no tongue can find
To give them fit embodiment. O, rays
Like those of yonder glorious sunset's blaze,
Soon must ye fade and leave no trace behind;
And all your splendors to decay resigned,
Shall sink into the past's obscurist haze.
But in the realm eternal, they shall be
Fixed and secure like mansions of delight,
For our enjoyment in that higher sphere;
In that most blissful immortality,
Whose joy exalted shall for aye requite
Those who have done the Master's bidding here.

AS WE GO ALONG.

Let's learn to laugh as we go along.
And sometimes sing a merry song;
Let's talk of the good and forget the wrong,
As we go along.

Let's cultivate the Christlike art,
And gentle words of love impart;
Let's daily speak to some aching heart,
As we go along.

Tho' people are many and close friends few,
Let's do unto all as we'd have them do;
And make the world bright as we pass through,
As we go along.

Let's heartfelt sympathy bestow,
As smile of ours drives out the woe
Of burdened hearts where e'er we go—
As we go along.

THE WANDERING BOY.

Some three score years ago or more
Lived one who Nature did adore;
Impetuous, young, both brave and jolly,
Unknown his heart to melancholy.

His childhood had no clouded skies,
No tears bedimmed his joyous eyes,
And all the wide domain of earth
But echoed tones of joyous mirth.

From earthly dawn the twin of "Time"
Hath e'er been "Change" in every clime;
And as with other mortals—so
To him came cares and blasts and woe!

His heart with buoyancy elate,
Was crushed with sorrow's leaden weight—
Black sorrow's awful weight of sin,
And pardon's prize he sought to win.

To Nature's God he did incline,
The breezes spoke of peace divine;
The flowrets told of higher birth
Than e'er they find in Mother Earth.

Stood not ajar the door for naught,
Heaven's breeze his soul despondent caught;
While wafted on fond angel's breath
The tidings—"One more saved from Death!"

Now happy, hopeful, Christian he,
In life desires much more to be;
For work his restless heart now soars,
To preach God's word he now implores.

Now called of God he feels that he
His faithful minister must be;
His motto—"Onward"—now he tries
To gain of knowledge what is wise.

But strange! Opposing forces rose
From friends and not from wicked foes;
His parents stood as bulwarks stern,
Him from his chosen path to turn.

This sure salvation to attain,
They deem an object well to gain,
But deprecate the toils we give
To make poor wandering sinners live.

With deep discouragement distraught,
His sweetest hopes now turned to naught,
To Tarshish—Jona-like— he sails
O'er dangerous waves, through peril's
gales.

And like the whale, comes evil power
Which doth his soul in sin devour;
'Till heaven's high hopes, all lost to sigh
Are sunk in sin's o'erwhelming night.

But these—how on his heart did fall
Their fiery pleasures, until all
Above, below, both east and west,
Nowhere but torturings and unrest.

A prodigal from home afar,
Unfriended, and with God at war—
His spirit sickens nigh to death,
And scarcely heard his thickened breath.

Oh, heart despairing, yield not yet,
Thy woes with healing shall be met;
Repentance shall thy soul yet bring
To heavenly joy's exhaustless spring.

Though tempest tossed for many an hour,
The ship at last by mighty power
Found anchor, proving thus to him
His lamp alive—though burning dim.

But ere he fully gained the light,
While dawn was dim with shades of night,
Dread voices spoke in accents low
Of dangers that he yet must know.

But prayer came to his tortured soul,
And soft in whispers upward stole—
That fears and dangers might not win
His soul to realms of endless sin.

And there he wrestled with his might,
As he of old—for help and light;
Desperate he struggled for many an hour
For glorious Salvation's power.

Then lo! As from that region bright
Came wondrous peace—and dismal night
Rolled far away—while sunshine blest
Brought to his panting spirit, rest.

And oh, since that auspicious day,
Clouds, darkness, sin's accurst array—
Confined in wisdom's way—he soars
On heavenly wings to golden shores.

No loitering in the pathway high,
On heaven is fixed his longing eye;
And fain efforts would now diffuse
That fellowmen his path may choose.

The North and South—the East and
West—
Are all by his grand sermons blest;
And hundreds turning every day
Beneath his sceptre's mighty sway.

TO BOSTON.

On visiting Bunker Hill Monument.

O, city stately! Proud in historic fame,
Speaking through Bunker Hill in loud
acclaim—
Of victory won through cannon's roar,
By virtue of brave men who soar
To history's page through valor sought;
Thy towering dome tells valiant deeds
they wrought.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When Time shall bid my soul depart
To higher realms, and mortal heart
Hath beating ceased, oh, who will come
A rose to plant upon my tomb?

When loving friends shall linger round
And deck with flowers my little mound,
If tender word some one would say
Of me—on that memorial day—

One small request I now would make,
And know you'll keep it for my sake,
Because my spirit dwells above,
Helpless to things on earth I love.

Say not of me when I am dead
Words sweeter than in life you said;
For it hath ever been my prayer
Kind words to say when others share.

Earth-life is open to love-deeds,
So day by day let's sow good seeds
Of purest thought our souls may know,
Ripe fruit of which in heaven will grow.

NATURE AND ART.

To Mrs. J. E. Lutz.

Admire your lilies, your pinks, your phlox,
But give me the queenly rose,
That in springtime, whether in mound or box,
Its velvety leaves unclose.

Admire the fragrance of rich perfume—
Though costilier far it may be—
Than lovely white rose I keep in my room,
Whose sweet scented beauty I see.

Let others the wonders of Art enjoy,
While I in true Nature behold
Earth's beauties most grand and free from alloy—
They—to me—can never grow old.

Let others admire the landscape in frame,
Which mortal hand hath made,
But give me the grand old hills—the same
I may tread in sunshine or shade.

While others to grateful actors give praise,
In play-yard I'll join the sweet song,
Where children their gladsome voices raise,
And Nature's sweet drama prolong.
While others the fashion of city so love,
Give me the beautiful green
Of wheat field and meadow, where robin and dove
From dawn until twilight are seen.
When others applaud the gas-lighted street,
Through path in the wildwood I'll roam,
Where Luna in glory most gentle and sweet,
Will guide me to loved ones at home.

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

O, thou fond, fertile, fresh-air home,
Where Nature's children daily come
To drink from Ether's glistening spring,
Gleaming 'neath the oak's cool wing;
Mating birds in springtime glee,
Filled with amorous ecstasy!
Thou sweet home of bee and flower
Hath lent my soul poetic power.

EPITHALAMIUM
TO SISTER MATTIE

May these two lives in deathless bliss united,
Like crystal streams that in the valley meet,
Flow gladlier on, by every rapture lighted,
And every hope of friends fulfilled, complete—
Long life, health, wealth, friends changeless; still higher,
May He who rules the universe unending,
Grant to these hearts each glorious pure desire—
That in these breasts may flow with purpose blending!
O, sister ever loved, and loved most dearly—
O, brother newly found and fondly cherished—
As wheels the earth her mightiest journey yearly,
Fond hopes must fail, and fair sweet dreams be perished;
But scarce can I conceive your future other

Than one long Summer's day of light
and glory,
Where clouding cares and soul-perplex-
ing bother
Make up the sum of life's old sorrow-
ing story.
May these young lives now seen in joint
uprising,
Be like the cloudless sun far Eastward
beaming,
Whose splendors o'er the earth in bright
baptizing,
Spread light, from darkness all Earth's
face redeeming;
Not for one little hour, but through day's
stages,
Through noon, and afternoon, with
days unceasing,
Like some grand book that glows through
all its pages,
With interest ever deepening and in-
creasing.
And should some clouds across your sky
come floating,
O, may they bear no fierce tornado's
terrors,
But by their fertilizing showers denoting
That good of which God's loved are
ever sharers;

And may the sunshine near in rainbow token,
Tell of God's covenant with you, Mattie dearest—
And love of her whose love by death unbroken,
Shall dwell with you ever truest, nearest.

EASTER THOUGHTLETS.

Easter beauties now we see,
Mind—the compass of degree;
Rosy dawn and sky of blue,
Verdant lawn and diamond dew!

Tonic pure in sweet spring air,
Soothing comfort everywhere;
Singing bird in every tree
Nature's springtime ecstasy!

Odor rare on Easter bloom,
As the Christ-flower leaves the tomb;
Fragrant breeze of ether mild,
Wafts o'er trees to Nature's child!

Touch life's harp with spirit wand,
Quickly find love will respond;
Essence sweet the life to fill,
Beyond compare the soul to thrill!

God is our environment—
Easter blessings hath He sent;
Harmony of heaven is here,
When in silence we draw near!

Prayers are not the words we say,
But life we live from day to day;
Right thinking is to health the key,
Wrong thinking bringeth misery!

Our spirit image let us seek,
Of good in others let us speak!
Thoughts are we of love Divine,
Souls are we from spirit shrine.

Easter glow on blade of green,
Divinity in Nature seen;
All these treasures we may hold,
When our soul-life we unfold.

TO MRS. ASA HAZEN.

PASS THEM ON.

Have you heard a gentle word?
Is your soul by kindness stirred?
Let these things be ever heard—
Pass them on!
Let's not miss our work in life
By engaging in the strife,
But let noble deeds be rife,
Pass them on!

Think of many girls and boys,
Without homes and without toys,
Whose little hearts are void of joys,
Pass them on!
Search the play-room and the garret,
For some toy—your child can spare it;
Let a little orphan share it,
Pass it on!

The rusty train, the broken sled,
The doll without a perfect head,
On Christmas day much joy may shed,
Pass them on!
The rubber ball that now is old,
The little ring of shining gold
They have outgrown—don't let them mold,
Pass them on!

Stop and think, and look around—
In your home small things abound
That a childish grief might drown—
Pass them on!
Let no tear on Christmas day
Come to little eyes to stay,
Unless from joy it pass this way—
Pass it on!

Bring scraps of brightest blue and red,
Make marble bags for Tom and Ned,
And sew them up with fancy thread—
Pass them on!
These bags will precious marbles hold,
Worth more than so much solid gold
To little boys just five years old—
Pass them on!

Don't say you have no time for this,
For your own heart a joy will miss,
While others are denied a bliss,
Pass them on!
Don't be stingy now and sigh,
Don't cling to every toy you spy,
Don't say—"I cannot"—only try;
Pass them on!

It may be your child is dead,
Then find a life to sorrow wed,
And soften thou its little bed,
Pass it on!
We, who plenty have in store,
Think too seldom of the poor;
Let us open wide our door
Pass it on!

God to us hath mercy shown,
Joys weren't meant for us alone;
Sit not down and idly moan—
Pass them on!
The nuts and candies Santa brings,
Ripe fruits and flowers and other things,
Divide them now, ere Time's swift wings
Pass you on!

O, countless joys, both rich and rare,
Bring charming hours beyond compare,
When we these things with others share,
Pass them on!
When rightly used they are God-given,
While many a heart-ache may be riven,
By such a sweet foretaste of Heaven—
Pass them on!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE FRANK SOOY.

There never was an earthly dream
  Of beauty and delight,
That mingled not too soon with clouds
  As sun rays with the night.

That faded not from that fond heart,
  Where once it loved to stay,
And left that heart more desolate
  For having felt its sway.

When our hearts are full of pleasure,
  And our souls are filled with peace,
Then it is we taste life's treasure,
  Then we bid all sorrows cease.

When our lives are full of gladness,
  And our minds are filled with love,
Grief to us seems but a madness
  That our hearts could never move.

But a change comes quickly o'er us,
When we meet a heartfelt grief;
All life's beauties fade before us,
While we vainly seek relief.

One loved form has faded from us,
Childlike form so young and pure;
That our hearts were but the radius
Round which it passed in love each year.

One bright face hath left our vision,
Face of innocence and mirth;
Gone to shine in sweet Elysian,
Brighter far than when on earth.

One loving voice to us hath spoken
The last sweet words our hearts to cheer,
While fondest hearts, though well nigh broken,
Oft think that voice is whispering near.

The last fond smile that beamed upon us,
And lighted up his face so white,
Shall be a golden link to draw us
Unto his side in Heaven so bright.

Where his spirit freed from weakness,
Enters rest where is no pain;
Where his precious form in meekness,
Bows in praise with God to reign.

Hear the darling child now singing
Songs he loved while with us here;
See the angel cherubs bringing
Peace and love his soul to cheer.

Banish now all tears of sorrow,
Let our hope but grow more bright;
We shall see Frank on the morrow,
In the realms of perfect light.

TO B. R. B.

SINCE YOU CAME.

Since you came life's ills are fewer,
Work in life is grander, newer;
All my friends to me are truer,
Since you came!

Dreary days to me are fleeter,
Music to my ear far sweeter;
Joy doth come—I go to meet her,
Since you came!

In purling stream I hear a voice,
To me most dear—by Nature's choice;
Whose rhythmic tones my heart rejoice,
Since you came!

To me the flowrets speak of thee,
While folded in each bud I see
Loved emblem fair of purity,
Since you came!

Faces erstwhile shedding gloom,
Show now in feature Eden's bloom,
My heart to fill with sweet perfume,
Since you came!

In firelight shadows now I read
Kind words of hope each life doth need,
On which my longing soul doth feed,
Since you came!

Earth problems now to me are clearer,
Making life-work sweeter, dearer,
To my soul is Heaven nearer,
Since you came!

Since you came to me, my dear,
Angelic voices hover near,
To lend my heart-song royal cheer,
Since you came!

EVER THUS.

Know thyself! Study thine own soul!
Thy friends judge not, who daily stroll
In thine environment; but ever know
God, who all made, will justice show.
Learn then thine own self to control!

Good is in all! Let's find it now.
Wait not till sad we mourning bow
Our grief beneath, to find in others
naught but good,
But be ourselves and friends so kindly
understood
No evil shall we find, then others will
learn how.

TO A LITTLE BOOK.

Let me press you to my heart,
For of life you form a part;
Let me keep you ever near
When my heart is sad to cheer!

Let me from each charming line,
Thoughts of rarest beauty twine
Round my own small mental store,
While I o'er thy pages pore.

Words of thine doth me inspire
With a noble, grand desire;
Though a stranger doth repeat
Words of thine to me, how sweet!

Why is this? Ah, who can tell?
None but her who knoweth well
That the charm is not thine own,
Though by author widely known.

Some years ago there was an hour
When you, dear book, had such a power,
As magnet hath o'er troubled waves—
O'er a mind which knowledge craves.

A look at you my heart would thrill,
To touch you would my being fill
With wild desire to understand
The contents there so richly planned.

O book that brought my heart a smile,
As story calmed my soul the while
I sat beneath thy soothing spell
And drank from Inspiration's well.

Some years have passed since spirit sought
That kindred spirit—all for naught—
But like earth's aspirations, must
Be sadly trampled in the dust.

And though we live, how much we miss
Of rarest, purest, sweetest bliss,
That rightly used is but God-given,.
And just a faint foretaste of Heaven.

O, cherished book, stay near me now,
And drive the shadows from my brow;
Bring me a gentle word or look,
From him who made thee my own book.

BABY'S WELCOME.

(To Little Lizzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Taylor.)

O, welcome, welcome, thy blest coming here
From angels' home above;
A sunbeam thou, fond, noble, hearts to cheer,
A home to fill with love,
O, precious dove.

To hearts still nearer, dearer, to thine own
Than that which prompts this line,
Thou art a queen, whose proud, imperial throne
Is ruled by right divine,
In grasp of thine.

Thy father's grateful, pure, and noble soul,
Thy mother's melting heart,
Thou swayest now with mightiest control,
And play'st a sovereign's part
With regal art.

And when by years instead of lengthening days,
Thy little life is known—
O, may thy brothers' gentle, virtuous ways
Be fruit from seed thou'st sown,
To harvest grown.

Rule ever well—and may'st thou nobly wear
Beyond thy kindred sphere,
The grace of her whose honored name you bear,
Thy Grandma sweet and dear,
Fond hearts to cheer.

Now dearest, precious little Lizzie T.,
When God shall bid thee come—
May this old earth forever better be,
That thou through it did'st roam
To Heaven, thy home.

IMPRESSIONS.

'Twas near the sweet month of September,
And a beautiful Sabbath day,
When I met one I kindly remember—
What was his name? Shall I say?

The lengthening shadows were creeping
O'er hillside and valley and mear,
While my heart sweetest music was keeping,
To the voice of a friend sitting near.

Was he friend? When Time in his glory
Had marked our communion by hours,
Can it be that old but sweet story
Of heart to heart bringing Love's flowers?

O, dear to my soul is the meeting,
When spirits congenial find
A comrade whose friendliest greeting
Doth heart to heart tenderly bind.

No joy to my heart gives more pleasure
  Than communion with one I can love,
Of treasures, this one is the treasure,
  And such doth my soul ever move.

When hand answers hand by that pressure,
  Whose meaning we know very well,
There's infinite joy in that measure
  Of bliss which we dare never tell.

When voice answers voice with a feeling
  Of something we cannot express,
That something is but the revealing
  Of emotions we cannot suppress.

When eye answers eye in that yearning
  For friendship intensely more sweet,
Then desire fills the soul with a burning
  That again each the other shall meet.

TO MY FRIEND MARY E. WELCKER.

LIFE'S GOLD.

The gold of life is the good of life,
One's name the stamp of its worth;
When the heart's aglow from virtue rife,
This gold is the best of earth.

The royal mint where this gold is cast
Is the noble and Christlike mind,
And heart from which sin's dross hath passed,
Showing only true gold refined.

The coiners at work in this mint of gold,
Are Faith and Hope and Love—
These three, 'tis said in the book of old,
The heart of the world may move.

This gold doth differ from metal of earth,
By needing no government seal;
But the least of us may show his worth
When this gold our stamps reveal.

It differs yet in another mode,
All countries alike may possess,
Bearing no change of form or code,
But valued by nations no less.

Both rich and poor this gold may share,
To all it comes the same;
While deed of title the owner must bear
Is found in life's golden name.

Its dollars are stamped with a kindly act,
On its quarters a smile doth gleam;
As it changeth hands in friendly contact,
The heart's golden lustre will beam.

The dimes are the gentle words of love,
Low whispered to sick and distressed;
The pennies are touches the soul doth move
By hand of sympathy pressed.

Let us keep these dollars and dimes in store,
That our assets in future may be
Found equal to—or possibly more—
Than life's liability.

NATURE AND I.

In Franklin Park, Washington,
May 4th, 1904.

Sweet breath of Hope now dawns on me
From bluest sky and sunniest day,
While flower and leaf-bud swell the glee
Of quaintest, queenliest May.

Bright pansy bed in Franklin Park,
My charming rendezvous now is;
While Chinese sweet magnolias mark
My rustic seat of springtime bliss.

From apple blossom's beauty bough
Rare perfume Ether's breezes blow,
My soul to fill with rapture now
Of Inspiration's gladsome glow.

Red robin's song is in the air,
Low hum of bee on honey flower;
Dear lilac bloom is fragrant, fair,
As dream I 'neath its purple bower.

Green woods for me fresh beauty hath,
As eye doth scan the landscape o'er;
And bluebells gather near the path,
Where cattle tread the winding shore.

I follow Nature day by day,
For best of chums are we;
Beside Potomac's bank I stray,
And fondly drink earth's minstrelsy.

LIFE'S INDEX.

O, who hath seen the woman and man
Whose life is what they desire?
But we do our part in God's intricate plan
When to noble things we aspire.

'Tis not because a fine home we have,
With rich furnishings placed therein;
'Tis not the amount of money we save
Nor plaudits of earth we win.

'Tis not the kind of dainties we eat
Nor drinks that quench our thirst,
For these alone fail to make life sweet,
From duty well done joys burst.

We cannot give out what we haven't within,
Life is the index of heart;
True character is what we have been,
The player is known by his part.

TO I. E. B.

WHEN YOU COME.

Sweet incense from the flowers will rise,
And lend its fragrance to life's skies,
While Nature sings in glad surprise,
When you come.

Proud memory bells will softly chime
Amid the towers of childhood's time,
While heart to heart our beings rhyme,
When you come.

The festal board complete will be,
As tear gives way to mirthful glee,
And soul to soul speaks merrily,
When you come.

'Twill be sweet springtime in my soul,
The spirit life will reach its goal,
The joy of hope will then be whole,
When you come.

LIKE A GOOD SAMARITAN.

As journey we up life's steep hill,
O, let us work with zealous will,
Sore empty hearts with joy to fill.

And first of all let parents find
Our eyes to all their failings blind,
Our hearts beyond conception kind.

Our sisters and our brothers, too—
O, let our loving steps pursue—
Life's ever-changing journey through.

And when o'erhead the sky is drear
That spreads above our friends most dear,
O, be our love at hand to cheer.

And let no swift immortal day
Fly to the Past's grand realms away
Without some good on earth to stay.

Some little word in kindness said,
Some dart defensive swiftly sped—
To lay some cruel error dead.

O, let us careful be to do
To others every duty due
As Christians to our maxims true.

By precept and example both,
O, let us lead youth's steps though loth
Through scenes of noblest virtue's
growth.

To him misguided, lost his way,
Be ours the glory while we may,
To lead him back to light of day.

The faint wayfarer, feeble grown
On life sore journey all alone—
Oh, let us soothe his piteous moan.

And some sweet comfort there unfold,
As kind Samaritan of old,
In Holy Writ so aptly told.

And do with fervency and truth
Our work as did the loyal Ruth,
Nor quit our humblest friend, forsooth.

If beggars at our door ask meat,
Let's think of Him who once did eat
With sinners, and did wash their feet.

Who—though all good—did bless the
bad,
And with the sorrowful was sad—
While with the happy He was glad.

L OF C.

O, like Him may we ever show
True kindness here on earth below,
And loving acts fore'er bestow.

As well to peasants as to kings,
For all alike on Time's swift wings—
Soon pass from transitory things.

Now let us work with heart and hand
To gain the bright immortal land—
And in our Master's presence stand.

THE DAY YOU WENT AWAY.

The clouds were dark, my heart was drear,
No thought of joy my soul did cheer,
The day you went away.

Once bonny bird-song, then was sad,
My soul in gloom's dark picture clad,
The day you went away.

The breezes wafted lonely sigh,
In constant prayer I wished you nigh,
The day you went away.

My heart then suffered poignant grief,
Naught dear, but thee, could give relief,
The day you went away.

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

For a home in this sweet world of beauty
For loved ones our fireside around,
Whose smiles daily brighten life's duty,
Whose hearts e'er with true love abound.

For eyes which show us the sunlight,
And the grandeur of hill and plain,
The tints of Autumn, the moonlight,
The snowflakes and welcome rain.

For ears to receive the fond rapture
Of joyous music's refrain,
Whose melody quickly doth capture
Every soul with ecstatic domain.

For raiment with texture to warm us
When cold blast of Winter is nigh,
For heaven's soft ether to charm us
'Neath starlight and moonlight and sky.

For every day our daily bread
In nutriment fresh and sweet
To inner man when wisely fed,
His daily strength to meet.

For noblest work to enlarge us
In body and mind and heart,
Lest evil of idleness charge us
With disease that may never depart.

For books which comfort and brighten
Our pathway in life's daily tread,
Our mind-food, the burdens to lighten,
What we crave when the soul must be fed.

For trials that come not unto us,
For evils that pass quickly by,
For temptations that fail to allure us,
For victories recorded on high.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

One face hath withdrawn from my vision,
And with it bright sunbeams are fled;
Leaving days that were once sweet elysian,
Now clouded and dismal and dead.

Kind voice to my heart once elating
Hath left me but memory's tone;
While pensive and lonely I'm waiting
For the smile and the song that are gone.

—

OUR DRIVE.
TO NELLIE AND GERTRUDE LUTZ.

Two bonny girls with loving care
For us the coziest seats prepare,
That pleasure's trap with them we share.
The month July, two hours till dark,
When we four drove through Rock Creek Park
With hearts as gay as meadow lark.

Old Monte's feet glad music made,
As traveled he down hillside grade
O'er graveled road in twilight shade.
O glorious place of Nature's birth,
Whose rustic scenes lend soul's rich worth
To animation's pleasing mirth.

Whose towering rock and babbling brook,
With spicy scented, mossgrown nook,
Whose winding road o'er hill we took
When driving gay with Lutz girls dear,
Through creek, o'er dale, and grassy mear,
As breathed we Inspiration's cheer.

The sunset glorious was and gold,
As clouds pink lining did unfold
Whose afterglow new beauties told;
Dear mountain road love we so well
As peek we down the mossy dell
To list the insect chorus swell.

Sweet honeysuckle's beauty bower
O'erhangs the roadside every hour,
Distilling perfume's princely power.
Breeze fragrant now from Ether blows,
New life to give as on it goes,
While minds are soothed by eve's repose.

Romantic bridge that spans the creek
We cross, and Nature's beauties seek,
While thoughts poetic now we speak.
Calm country echoes fall on ear,
While earth and sky seem drawing near
To help us God's great globe revere.

Washington, D. C., July 26, 1905.

TO A. L. B.

EASTER CHICKS.

How often in childhood I rushed to the hen-yard,
Eggs fresh to collect after cocks' shrill alarm;
My basket soon filling, then turning steps homeward,
To give them to mother while yet they were warm.

Still dear to my mind is the image of Brownie,
Whose chickens—one dozen, some black and some white,
With soft little bodies warm covered with downie—
Gave cheer to my eyes when they came first to sight.

Oft Easter time chicks are the Summer's first frying,
Now housed with their mother in coziest pen;
Lest Easter breeze frosty leave downy chicks crying,
Deferred now the sun-rays for warmth of the hen.

And well I remember the patient old
setter,
'Twas Speckle we called her, all hens
having names,
On nest would she sit full two months
if we let her,
In the end sad to find her poor eggs
had no claims.

The red bird and robin were loved in
my child-days,
As sang they from treetop or picked
blade of green,
But sound of the cackle of Brownie
will always
Bring joy to my mind of that Eas-
ter chick scene.

WILL IT COME TRUE?

You ask me—"Is it coming true?"
The wish I made one day with you;
You ask me now—what shall I say,
My noble friend so far away?

Could look mine eyes into your own
And find the love that once was sown,
Could I but feel your beating heart
Throb now as when we turned apart—

Could I thy gentle voice now hear
Again as speaking words of cheer,
Those loving words that deeply burn
As incense in my heart's fond urn—

Could I but feel the thrilling touch
That magnetized and moved, how much,
When in thine own my hand you pressed,
Procrastination were not best.

Could I but see thy welcome smile
Beam gently on me, and the while
I felt its radiance, I might tell
The answer that I feel too well.

O, if some little bird would come
And linger near me, from thy home—
And in its language now repeat
The words once uttered by you, Sweet—

I then my answer might confide,
For thus in safety could I hide
Beneath its wings a message there
That human ear were glad to hear.

Thou joyous Winter! Bring to me
My cherished friend, that he shall be
The one to see, and hear, and know,
The words my pen dare not bestow!

NEVER AGAIN?

Ye whistling winds with sad refrain,
Pray tell me this, or my life is vain—
Shall my eyes behold his form again?
Never again?

Shall sunny day and starry night
But hide him farther from my sight,
Shall I no more his steps invite?
No more invite?

Shall never again his gentle tone
Speak to me softly and sweetly alone,
Shall I his absence forever moan?
Vainly moan?

Shall I feel no more the tender thrill
That pierced my heart without the will
When he held my hand in his so still?
Sweetly still?

COUNTRY SOUNDS.

Happy, hopeful, glad are we,
Slowly strolling o'er the lea;
Nature's animation found,
Drinking in each country sound.

Much we love the cowbell's tingle,
Music making with its jingle,
As she nips the clover sweet,
Fragrant growing 'neath her feet.

Hark! Old Bravo's bark I hear,
Resonant with bow-wow cheer,
Home and friends he loves to guard,
Sentinel-like patrols the yard.

Chirping cricket perched in grass,
Gently calling as we pass,
Telling in domestic tone,
One more summer day is gone.

Rooster's note now clear and shrill,
Rings through ether soft and still—
Helping hens of every hue
In barn-yard work they find to do.

The kind old farmer's gee and whoa,
Oft we hear as on we go,
While he ploughs his furrows deep,
Where the grains of corn shall sleep.

When he calls his loud pig-ou-y,
Pigs come near, and he says sou-y—
As he gives them milk to drink,
Trough well filling to the brink.

List, the katydid of June,
Merrily peal forth her tune,
Insects leading in her lay,
Suited to the twilight gray.

Hear we now the old pond-frog,
Leaping on his moss-grown log,
Beating loud his queer tattoo,
As we tramp the meadow through.

Hoot! The owl sends forth his call,
Quaintly telling one and all
He is roosting near the nest,
Where young chicks he may infest.

Now we hear the whippoorwill
Piping clear o'er forest hill,
How I love her plaintive round,
Sadly, soothing country sound.

LINES

To Mrs. M. E. Lloyd on the death of her little son.

Take cheer, sad heart, in splendors bright,
  Thy lost, with welcome sweet,
Awaits where is no sorrow's night,
  Thy loving form to greet.

Unstained by sin, the all-wise Power,
  With mercy's tenderest thought,
Removed this pure and cherished flower
  To realms where sin is not.

Oh, dread the blow that severs ties
  Of parent's love, like thine!
But gained the joys of Paradise—
  Should these thy child resign?

Grieve not, but let us all, all aim
  The lost to follow, where
An equal bliss our souls shall claim
  In that immortal sphere.

Let Hope, bright Hope now be the star
  To guide your voyage o'er
Life's troubled waves, to rest afar
  With Orren evermore.

MY CHOICE.

Written upon the reception of a poem entitled "If I Were the Light of the Brightest Star."

Thou art the light of the brightest star
That beams in the zenith to me;
Then tumble down from thy home afar
And bring thy kiss with thee.

Thou art the breath of a fragrant flower,
The most fragrant one to me;
Then float away from the fairest bower
And live for Belle B. B.

Thou art the soul of bewitching song,
With a moving, melting tone;
Then steal from the gay and thoughtless throng,
And soothe my love alone.

Thou art a charm by a fairy wrought,
Then constant prove and kind;
And never let a gloomy thought
O'er our bright future shine.

Thou art a memory past alloy,
Then let us never part;
Thou art the soul of constant joy,
Then nestle in my heart.

AUTUMN ON THE TENNESSEE.

Upon Ukelah's rugged height I see
The tints of Autumn's gorgeousness unrolled;
In varying splendor decked, each separate tree,
Pale crimson, red and yellowest hues of gold.

And but as yesterday—brief seems the space,
Since Spring's unfolding touches there I saw,
When from the leafless branches burst apace
The fresh'ning green impelled by Nature's law.

Brief—yet moons have waxed and waned, and Change
Hath busy been with human destiny;
With human souls immortal—not less strange—
Than foliage fading which mine eye doth see.

Fresh leaves of high resolve all young and bright,
The soul put forth but late, now stricken, sere,
Are fading from irresolution's blight,
And droop along the stagnant atmosphere.

And germs of evil—then but faintly seen,
Now in widespreading branches fill the air
Of all the soul, like deadly evergreen,
With rootlets shooting downward to despair.
And hopes of things all beautiful and good,
Whose young leaves budded forth in gladness then,
Are faded now, like folly's changeling brood,
No more to flourish on this earth again.
Oh, thou Almighty—keep within our souls
Unfading hues of immortality;
All changeless when in mighty changes rolls
The fluctuating tide of life's dark sea.
And autumnless, oh let our glorious lives
Immortal flourish, fadeless from decay—
Where spirit—earth and earth's decay—survives,
And joyous lives throughout unending day.

EASTER.

Hail, all hail this glad first year
In Twentieth Century's Christian cheer,
Whose Easter day now dawneth here.

Hail, Easter morn! Sweet Easter morn,
Whose coming shows a Savior born
From out the tomb—cold death to scorn.

God's emblem fair of hope and love,
Who left His Father's home above
Eternal sorrows to remove.

'Twas thus He turned from heavenly sway,
And came below on earth to stay
For thirty years in simplest way.

This day of all the year should be
Second to Christmas day, when He
First came to earth our life to free.

Yes, all for us His life was given,
That we from Nature's sin be riven—
To find a peaceful home in heaven.

Let us this day a copy see
Of one long years ago, when He
Burst from the tomb to liberty.

Our liberty He did assume,
Behind Him left the darkened tomb,
His loved ones e'er to free from gloom.

The gloom of everlasting sin,
That we by Him sweet peace may win,
And heaven's portals enter in.

Let purest thought and kindest word
On this most glorious day be heard;
Let all our hearts with joy be stirred.

Bring flowers fragrant, fresh, and fair,
God's altars deck with loving care—
Let Earth her best with Heaven share.

Let sacred songs from hearts of love,
Unite with angel songs above—
All sin and sorrow to remove.

O, turn our lives from sinful scorn
Into the Christ-life firmly born,
This century's first bright Easter morn.

MY STAR.

When thou wert gone—soon midnight's hour
In dreams did wrap my soul—
And shadows came, whose gloomy power
My sad heart did control.

Around was darkness—and on high
A deeper blackness reigned—
'Till one bright star flamed in the sky—
Then joy my heart attained.

Oh! Blessed Star! My gloom was gone,
In gladness and delight
My hand was clasped by Carleon,
Night was no longer night.

I dreamed you took me all alone
Out driving—both were gay—
Beneath each brow warm passion shone,
While fled dull care away.

And lower in the firmament
Came other fainter stars,
And fluctuating radiance lent
Pale Saturn and red Mars.

But golden Glory overhead
Grew bright and brighter still,
'Till darkness died and daylight spread
O'er town and tower and hill.

While round my steps thy gladdening beams,
More brilliant than elsewhere,
Poured on my heart Hope's richest streams
And all my soul did cheer.

And thus in ecstasy I lay
'Till cruel waking came;
The glorious vision would not stay,
But only left thy name.

O! Star of Friendship! Comforter—
Withdraw not from my sight,
But be, as in my dreams, still near
With thy celestial light.

WILL YOU COME?

When Clematis blooms again,
Will you come?
In the sunshine or the rain
Will you come?
I would have you now remember
You've a faithful friend and tender,
Waiting kindness you to render,
When you come.

When the leaves begin to fall,
Will you come?
When the whipporwill doth call,
Will you come?
When the wheat fields ripe are growing,
When the clover hay is mowing,
When the sailor lad is rowing,
Will you come?

When the snowflakes are flying,
Will you come?
When the little birds are crying,
Will you come?
Oh, come when sleighbells jingle,
Yes, come with old Kriss Kringle—
Let once more our voices mingle,
Will you come?

When sweet Springtime comes again,
Will you come?
We shall roam o'er hill and plain
When you come.
Come, dear one, and banish sadness,
Come and bring to me true gladness,
Fill my heart with passion's madness,
When you come!

The evening breeze is ringing
He will come,
And my longing heart is singing
He will come!
Then my life will know its pleasure,
Joy will come in fullest measure,
When my heart hath found its treasure,
He will come!

TO. J. T. R.

GOOD WORDS.

The gray snowclouds o'erspread the sky,
And thick the white flakes did descend;
Almost to earth heaven seemed to bend
And clasp the snowy vaults on high.

'Twas New Year's day and as I dined,
My wishes warm did swiftly go
To her, my friend, the child of woe,
Whose frame, disease's victim pined.

With step alert through snowdrift deep,
Leaving my cheerful fireside warm,
I made my way; oh wondrous charm
The tender heart from love may reap.

I found her in her home alone,
Scant were the comforts there displayed;
But peace with God her presence made
Royal as monarch on his throne.

Her joyous greeting met mine own,
We called up memories of the past,
Of small rewards to wishes vast,
Our hopes in early life had sown.

Some dainties from my table's store,
Brought through the snow by mine own
hand,
To genial glow her spirit fanned,
Recalled our happy days of yore.

Thus passed an hour; I left her there,
Pale victim of disease and pain,
Who in this world can ne'er again
Health's roseate cheeks of beauty wear.

But as her lips I parting pressed,
She bade me mindful be of Him
Whose ways to mortal vision dim,
Give to the suffering faithful rest.

And homeward through the blinding
snows,
I made my way and learned to keep
This lesson in my heart's well deep,
That she who trusts God's goodness,
knows—

Joy earth cannot take or give,
Which anchored in the sky
Eternal ne'er can die,
But will through trial glorious live.

TO A PESSIMIST.

He says the world is to him ever cold,
And friends are few on earth below;
Oh, why then seek to draw into his fold
Those who true friendship would bestow?

Though sad the task, resolve most firm is taken,
My presence nevermore, as in the past—
By act or word or thought shall waken
Within his heart one joy to blast.

May he in future have no fear to meet me,
As days and years shall come and go,
I'll never ask him thus to greet me
As in glad days once we did know.

One little wish, oh let me now request
And pray sincerely it may not grow dim,
And this it is—that I may e'er be blest
In friendly confidence bestowed in him.

To think one moment that it were not so,
Would on my weary soul such sorrow cast
That all the pleasure in this world below
For me, would then be counted in the past.

How shall I know that he to me is true,
That confidence will never be betrayed,
How shall I know that what soe'er we do
In loyal truth his vows to me were made?

WHISPERS.

There's a ringing—constant ringing in my ear,
And its sound low and gentle, makes me sad;
'Tis the secret of a friend to me dear,
Of a friend whose coming makes me glad.

There's an echo—trembling echo in my heart,
And the word I hear it saying is "Farewell"—
Is it true, friend? Tell me, must we part?
Shall we ever meet again? Who can tell?

There's a sighing—mournful sighing 'mong the trees,
Whose tidings to my heart bring a balm—
Which is wafted on the gentle flowing breeze—
Till my sadly aching heart groweth calm.

There's a whisper—softest whisper in my mind,
And "Sometime" is the word I seem to hear;
Let me hear it! Let me grasp it! Let me find
In the comfort that it gives—naught to fear.

There's a vow—secret vow I could tell
To my friend going far away from me—
But I cannot! But I must not, so farewell—
But my heart's best wishes take with thee.

MEDLEY.

Yes, oftentimes we cast away
An old friend for a new,
And when the new friend has his day
We find the old more true.

The heart is changeful as the sky,
And some days filled with mirth;
While other days find weeping eye
To which the smile gave birth.

Castle building is a pleasure,
Lending vigor to the brain;
Anticipation is a treasure
We may link to memory's chain.

A DREAM.

When night more pleasing than the day
Gives fancy all for which I pray,
My soul would linger thus alway.

In all I'm pleased, but most in best,
The last joy sweeter than the rest
Is love's divinest, surest test.

Now come and place your hand in mine,
Speak to my soul sweet words divine,
Feed me with my life's best wine.

O, let my breath but fan thy cheek,
As shell-like ear my lips doth seek,
And loving, lingering words I speak.

I breathe thy fragrance—feel thee near,
My world is symbol of thee dear,
O, bring thou to my soul new cheer.

Yes, speak thou tenderly once more,
Into my ear words gentle pour,
O, kiss me as in days of yore.

Help thou my soul to truth incline,
As eyes of brown upon me shine
In friendship pure for which I pine.

Now come to thine own friend the best,
Take once again upon thy breast
My weary head in peaceful rest.

Come linger near! The world defy—
Thy touch wilt calm this doleful sigh;
Come, dearest one, and satisfy.

TO W. R. H.

SNOWBALLS.

Sweet snowballs fair and fresh and pure,
Which to me came last night,
Unto my mind brought Nature's cure,
Turned loneliness to light.

Each leaflet green conveys a line
Of friendship's tenderest thought;
Each petal white from Nature's shrine,
A touch of love hath brought.

Faint odor fresh from beauty ball
Cheers now my cozy bower,
While leaves of verdure fondly call
To mind dear friendship's hour.

Bright bouquet bonny linger near,
My life with fragrance fill;
Lend Inspiration's soulful cheer,
Sweet joy of Hope distil.

A PRAYER.

While on Thy footstool here we humbly dwell,
Oh may our words and actions prove to be
Our heart's desire is e'er to do things well,
That in eternity we may dwell with Thee.

Though Satan oft may tempt us and despise
The little good within us, oh wilt Thou
Protect that little with all powerful Eyes,
And may we daily at Thy footstool bow.

While Nature's coat from green to gold is turning,
May we in mind grow richer every year;
And while life's lamp is pale and paler burning,
O, let us rest with angels hovering near.

Blest morn, when all who've lived, and
loved and fought
For right, have captain Him who,
while on earth,
So blessed the little children to Him
brought,
That holy e'er they were from His
rich worth.

Should those we love persist in evil
doing,
Oh may we chide them gently and
with care
Bestow such tender words that kindly
wooing
Them, may lead to fervent fruits of
prayer.

SONNET—IDLENESS.

Had youthful minds prophetic power to read
The sorrows many sprung from idle days,
Oh, then would hotly burn bright 'effort's blaze,
To melt the ores of knowledge and with speed
Extract the precious metals which they need!
Then would each travel o'er life's devious ways,
Not as some pauper, but as one who pays
Each just demand, and grandly doth succeed.
Oh, rouse thee, Samson-soul! Thy fetters rend!
Pull down Sloth's mighty pillars to the dust,
And drive Philistia's hosts of vice ensnaring,
To sore defeat and ignominious end!
Proud victory win! Awake, thou shalt and must
Win glorious crown by thy heroic daring!

WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a bee and thou a flower,
Forever I'd hum around thy bower,
On wing I'd bring thee passion's power.

If I were a bird and thou a tree,
My nest I'd build close up on thee
And soul join soul in ecstasy.

If I were a rose and thou a thorn,
My fragrance rare you would not scorn
In darkest night or sunniest morn.

If thou wert an ocean and I a boat,
Swift to thine arms of rest I'd float,
My life and love to the devote.

If I were a cloud and thou the sky,
Daily I'd come floating by
To clasp thee, love thee, satisfy.

EVIL'S SHADOW.

Evil's shadow! Pause lest danger
  Hid beneath in colors gray,
Shall beguile the heart, and stranger
  Make it to the light of day.

Go beyond the shadow? Never—
  Young and old long ages past
Heaven hath lost and peace forever
  By the Shadow's fear o'ercast.

Though the ear with music's rapture
Oft is charmed beyond control,
Music oft the heart doth capture
With the promise of the soul.

May our life-boat find the haven
Known as safe from shadows past,
Then hearts filled with sorrow raven
Rest shall find—sweet rest at last.

TO MY BOY.
THOUGHTLETS.

Somehow to-day I feel in rhyme,
With glorious, gala, sweet May-time;
New joy within my soul doth dwell,
I've been with him long loved so well.

O, day the happiest and the best,
When breast breathes love on other breast,
When sigh is answered by love's sigh,
'Tis then old Time doth swiftly fly.

When hearts' warm blood is pulsing fast,
When each one wishes joy could last,
When kiss is answered by love's kiss,
'Tis truest, puret, sweetest bliss.

THE PRIZE MUSIC BOX.

Our hearts pant for music—yes, music
divine,
Our souls are athirst as a dying flow-
er;
We drink in its sounds like enchanted
wine,
What soul doth not yield to its mag-
netic power?
Piano's sweet music doth oft charm the
ear,
But to make it requireth the touch
Of fingers well trained, that year after
year,
Hath swept o'er the keyboard much.
The strong tone of organ we ever ad-
mire,
When guided by much tutored hand;
But producing this music doth often re-
quire
More strength than we have at com-
mand.
Guitar's gentle melody ever doth thrill
Our ears as we listen—our souls as
we sigh—
Who is not charmed by this music until
To his mind comes the question, why
is this, why?

The silvery notes of the brilliant Cornet
Now bring to our hearts looks and tones that are gone;
We sigh as we listen, and fain would forget—
But memories sad and this music are one.

Piano and Organ, Cornet and Guitar,
Melodious are, we very well know,
But music surpassingly sweeter by far,
Is found at I. E. Barry's & Co.

This music most gentle, enchanting, and free,
Is as perfectly made by the untutored hand,
As it is by person professing to be
Well cultured in music of every land.

All ye who desire the reason to know
Will follow directions that here shall be found;
Just call on I. E. Barry & Co.,
And music-box see when looking around.

If you like it and want it on terms that
are low,
Just trade fifty cents worth and ticket
receive,
And your chance is as good, you may
very well know,
As his who spends dollars before he
doth leave.

Just think what a bargain, a gift that
hath cost
Seventy-five dollars—for only five
dimes;
So come one and all, ere your chance
shall be lost,
Ere your heart is made sad by regret
many times.

THE PRIZE DOLL.

Dear Christmas time again is here,
Old Santa comes with words of cheer—
Sweet words we hear but once each
year.

He spends his summers in the East,
Preparing for each child a feast,
While of himself he thinks the least.

The little ones their voices mingle,
As they talk of Old Kriss Kringle,
And his merry sleighbells' jingle.

The wee one ponders in his mind
How dear Santa Claus so kind,
Can for all a present find.

But all these little wonders go,
And childish minds are made to know
When visiting I. E. Barry & Co.

Yes, I. E. Barry's is the store,
Where Santa meets us at the door,
And shows his toys now by the score.

All kinds of toys, both big and small,
Whose prices range to suit each call;
So come and see us one and all.

And when you come, just note the
place
Where Prize Doll stands with beau-
teous face,
To welcome you from her glass case.

She has eyes of blue and golden hair,
With rosy cheeks and brow most fair,
And lovely form beyond compare.

Her dimpled hands and teeth of pearl,
Are fairest found in all the world;
In fact, she's just a darling girl.

Now if this beauty you would win,
With laces, silks, and diamond pin,
I'll tell you how you can begin.

Spend but five dimes each time you go
To the store of I. E. Barry & Co.,
And a ticket get, your chance to show.

SANTA CLAUS HAS COME.

"Oh, Mary, tell me, have you been
Where nicest, cheapest goods are seen?
If not, come now, and we will go
To the store of I. E. Barry & Co.

I was there last week, and of all the toys
I saw them there—dolls, girls and boys—
Just any size—from large to small—
The blonde, brunette, and crying doll.

Of chinaware, they have on hand
The choicest pieces in the land;
While mugs of every shape and price,
Our childish hearts doth e'er entice.

'Mongst sugar toys we there can find
An animal of every kind;
And as we look, we surely see
Cole's miniature menagerie.

But yesterday my Mamma said
She liked the candy best they made,
At store of I. E. Barry & Co.,
Than at any other store we go.

The Butter-Scotch, both rich and
sweet,
Is good enough for King to eat;
While "Long-chaw" sticks now sell
so fast—
We wish the "chaw" would longer
last.

Old Santa Claus is also there,
I saw his curling, long gray hair;
While Christmas goods he was select-
ing,
I, his dignity, was inspecting.

I heard him say—'In a day or so,
I'll buy of I. E. Barry & Co.,
Enough of goods to fill my train,
And in '93 I'll call again.' "

CHRISTMAS IN KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Sweet Christmas time again draws near,
Our anxious, waiting hearts to cheer;
With treasures gay and most alluring,
Whose joys we find are long enduring.

Though earth is brown and trees are bare,
These dreary days do but prepare
Us to enjoy the days most jolly,
When fled are days of melancholy.

The jolly days are when we go
To the store of I. E. Barry & Co.,
Where Santa stops for holly season,
With choicest gifts and price in reason.

The old and young, the big and small,
The rich and poor, the low and tall,
Have learned that here they always find
Most lovely toys of every kind.

A Christmas tree we find up-stairs,
With laden boughs, whose top one wears
Old Santa's life-size photograph—
With mouth extended for a laugh.

Now why he laughs—if you would
know,
Just call on I. E. Barry & Co.—
Where latest news you can obtain,
While you inspect his wondrous train.

In ninety-three—one year ago—
He stopped with I. E. Barry & Co.,
Where presents cheap he did obtain—
And this is why he calls again.

ANTICIPATION.

She wonders if her friend will come
To see her in her pleasant home;
If so just let the hour be nine,
And she'll be sitting neath the vine
With gentle thought and hope most high,
That Time may bring his footstep nigh!

Don't disappoint, but let her hear
If Fate forbids him coming near!
To look in vain her heart doth try,
Let word from him keep off the sigh!
Let her not lonely be and sad,
But hasten near and make her glad!

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